yellows of the houses, the gay dyeing of the saris.*

Near the coign of vantage from where one views the toy snow scene is the fashionable photographer's shop where society ladies make pictures even more unreal in carefully posed attitudes.

How photography reveals traits which the living face masks ! How in looking at the portraits of the women at Jeakin's the inner life of each is revealed, their restless ambitions contrasting with the marble calm of the Viceroy's wife who has nothing further to gain or lose.

The eye of the camera appears to penetrate where the eye of man fails to pierce the disguise, just as it registers rays in astronomical science which are imperceptible to any other sight. The photographer flings open the door to the modern palace of Truth.

There are many worlds in Simla. The noisest is that circle of men and women who have no higher ideal in life than to win a prize in a " bumble puppy," to be seen speaking to

a Vicereine, or to have an **A.D.C.** as an attache. When they die these people go to

* An Indian woman's dress.